

Miller's Weekly

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Select Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following lines were written by Tyrone Power, Esq., of New York, and are published in the New York Herald.

Thou art, O Beauty, to the world, old pilot!

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Mobs in Philadelphia.

The cowardly mobbing of Edward Ingersoll, Esq., of Philadelphia, on the 27th of April, by a gang of fanatical ruffians, indicates the tendency of the times and is an index to the reign of terror which must be passed before we can begin to hope for conciseness in the body politic. It has been the sole object of the puritanical thieves, who are organized into secret plundering societies for mutual protection and concerted action, to so disease the body politic that it may be weak to resist their assaults. In this they have succeeded and the full power of the disease must exhaust itself before we can expect an improvement. Mr. Ingersoll belongs to one of the most worthy of our eastern families, one which has furnished more upright and valuable men than almost any other one family in the land. Edward Ingersoll is a worthy member of that family, and has been entrusted by his neighbors and friends with many positions of honor and trust. It has now become a common thing to see men of upright character and honorable position bullied and beaten, maltreated and murdered by a lawless mob, invited to its hellish work by the emissaries from the dens of infamy, politely called Leagues, where the Father of Lies distorts the vision, destroys the understanding, and makes to his hand the implements he stands in need of to ruin reputation, destroy happiness, persecute and murder those he cannot corrupt. These men who incite mobs and glory in their work of hell would have defamed the wife of Caesar and mobbed her for public prostitution.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27.—About 9 o'clock this morning Mr. Edward Ingersoll, who delivered a strong secession speech a few days since in New York, was waiting upon by a committee of citizens on alighting from the railroad train and was requested to apologize for the speech.

When the train reached Ninth and Green streets a party of men got down from the front door of the car for the purpose of giving Mr. Ingersoll a parting salute. The obnoxious individual, however, passed out at the back door and got upon Wallace street. The crowd followed him. At Eighth street Mr. Ingersoll turned about and faced the party. Capt. J. H. Wittington, Jr., of the 19th Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, then stepped forward and said, "Ingersoll I am a soldier; I have risked my life for my country; I think you owe an apology to the country for your speech, and particularly to the soldiers." The Captain then raised his cane to strike Mr. Ingersoll, but the blow was warded off by Mr. Ingersoll with his cane. The two then crossed canes for a few seconds. Mr. Ingersoll received a cut on the left side of the face, and he took the arm of the man of Car. Wittington. Mr. Ingersoll then drew back about ten paces, took from his pocket a revolver and cocked it. Some of the crowd scattered at this warlike movement of Ingersoll, when he was immediately seized by a